BY THE MORNING BOAT.

On the coast of Maine, where many green islands and salt inlets fringe the deep-cut shore line; where balsam firs and bayberry bushes send their fragrance far seaward, and song sparrows sing all day, and the tide runs plashing in and out among the weedy ledges: where cow-bells tinkle on the hills and herons stand in the shady coves-on the lonely coast of Maine stood a small gray house, facing the morning light. All the weather-beaten houses of that region face the sea apprehensively, like the women who live in them.

This home of four people was as bleached and gray with wind and rain as one of the pasture stones close by. There were some cinnamon rose bushes under the window at one side of the door, and a stunted lilac at the other side. It was so early in the cool morning that nobody was astir but some shy birds that had come in the stillness of the dawn to pick and flutter in the short

They flew away together as some one softly opened the unlocked door and stapped out. This was a bent old man, who shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked at the west and the east and overhead, and then took a few lame and feeble steps further out to see a wooden vane on the barn. Then he sat down on the doorstep, clasped his hands together between his knees, and looked steadily out to sea. scanning the horizon where some schooners had held on their way all night with a light westerly breeze. He seemed to be satisfied with the weather, as if he had been anxious, as he lay unassured in his north bedroom, vexed with the sleeplessness of age and excited by thoughts of the coming day. The old seaman dozed as he eat on the doorstep, while dawn came up and the world grew bright; and the little birds returned, fearfully at first, to finish their breakfast, and at last made bold to hop close to his feet.

After a time some one else came and stood in the open door behind him. "Why, father! seems to me you've got an early start; 't ain't but 4 oclock. I thought I was foolish to get up so soon, but

't wa'n't so I could sleep. "No. Lucy Ann." The old man smiled as he turned to look at her, wide awake on the instant. "Tain't so soon as I git out some o' these 'arly mornin's. The birds wake me up singin', an' it's so light, you know. I wanted to make sure 'Lisha would have a fair day to go.' "I expect he'd have to go if the weather

wa'n't good," said the woman. "Yes, yes, but't is useful to have fair weather, an' a good sign some says it is. This is a great event for the boy, aint it?" "I can't face the thought o' losin' on him,

father." The woman came forward a step or two and sat down on the door-step. She was a hard-worked, anxious creature, whose face had lost all look of youth. She was apt, in the general course of things, to hurry the old man and to spare little time for talking. and he was pleased by this acknowledged unity of their interests. He moved aside a little to give her more room, and glanced at her with a smile as if to beg her to speak freely. They were both undemonstrative, taciturn New Englanders; their hearts were warm with pent-up feeling, that summer morning, yet it was easier to understand one another through silence than through

"No. I couldn't git much sleep." repeated the daughter at last. "Some things I thought of that aint come to mind before for years—things I don't relish the feelin' of, all over again.

'Twas just such a mornin' as this pore little Lisha's father went off on that last v'y'ge o' his," answered the old sailor with instant comprehension. "Yes, you've had it master hard, pore gal, aint you? I advised him against goin' off on that old vessel with a crew that wa'n't capable."

"Such a mornin' as this, when I come out at sun-up, I always seem to see her tops'ils over there beyond the p'int, where she was to anchor. Well, I thank heaven, 'Lisha was averse to goin' to sea," declared There's dangers ashore, Lucy Ann," said

the grandfather, solemnly, but there was no answer, and they sat there in silence until the old man grew drowsy again. "Yisterday was the first time it fell onto my heart that 'Lisha was goin' off," the

mother began again, after a time had passed. "I've been workin' every way I could to further him and git him a real good chance up to Boston, and now that we've got to part with him I don't see how to put up with it." "All nateral," insisted the old man. "My mother wept the night through before I

was goin' to sail on my first v'y'ge; she was kind of satisfied, though, when I come home next summer, grown a full man, with my savin's in my pocket, an' I had a master pretty little figured shawl 1'd bought for her to Bristol.'

"I don't want no shawl. Partin' is partin' to me," said the woman. "'Tain't everybody can stand in her fore-door and see the chimbleys o' three child'n's houses without a glass," he tried eagerly to console her. "All ready an' willin' to do their part for you, so as you could let 'Lisha go off and have his chance." "I don't know how it is," she answered, but none on 'em never give me the rooted home feelin' that 'Lisha has. They was more varyin' and kind o' fast growin' and scatterin'; but 'Lisha was always 'Lisha when he was a babe, and I settled on him for the one to keep with me.'

"Then he's just the kind to send off, one you sin't got to worry about. They're all good child'n," said the man. "We've reason to be thankful none on 'em's been like some young sprigs, more grief'n glory to their folks. An' I ain't regrettin' 'Lisha's goin' one mite; I believe you'd rather go on doin' for him an' cossetin'. I think't was high time to shove him out o' the nest."

"What be you goin' to give him for his breakfast?" asked the stern grandfather, in a softened, less business-like voice. "I don't know's I'd thought about it special, sir. I did lay aside that piece o' apple pie we had left yisterday from dinner," she confessed.

"Fry him out a nice little crisp piece o'

pork, Lucy Ann, an' 't will relish with his

"You ain't his mother," said Lucy Ann.

baked potatoes. He'll think o' his breakfast more times 'n you expect. I know a lad's feelin's when home's put behind him." The sun was up clear and bright over the broad sea inlet to the eastward, but the shining water struck the eye by its look of vacancy. It was broad daylight, and still so early that no sails came stealing out from the farm-house landings, or even from the gray groups of battered fish-houses that overhung, here and there, a sheltered cove. Some crows and gulls were busy in the air; it was time for day when the world belongs more to birds than to men.

"Poor 'Lisha!" the mother went on compassionately. "I expect it has been a long night to him. He seemed to take it in, as he was goin' to bed, how't was his last night to home. I heard him thrashin' about kind o' restless sometimes. "Come, Lucy Ann, the boy ought to be stirrin'!" exclaimed the old sailor, without the least show of sympathy. "He's got to be ready when John Sykes comes, an' he

am't so quick as some lads." The mother rose with a sigh, and went into the house. After her own sleepless night, she dreaded to face the regretful, sleepless eyes of her son; but as she opened the door of his little bed-room, there lay Elisha sound asleep and comfortable to behold. She stood watching him with gloomy tenderness until he stirred uneasily, his consciousness roused by the intentness of ber thought and the mysterious current

that flowed from her wistful, eager eyes. But when the lad waked, it was to a joyful sense of manliness and responsibility: for him the change of surroundings was coming through natural processes of growth, not with the uprooting which gave

his mother such an aching heart. A little later Elisha came out to the breakfast table, arrayed in his best sandybrown clothes, set off with a bright blue satin cravat, which had been the pride and delight of pleasant Sundays and rare holidays. He already felt unrelated to the familiar scenes of things, and was impatient to be gone. For one thing, it was strange to sit down to breakfast in Sunday splendor, while his mother, and grandfather and little sister Lydia were in their humble. every-day attire. They ate in silence and haste, as they always did, but with a new constraint and awkwardness that forbade their looking at one another. At last the nead of the household broke the silence with simple straightforwardness. "Yon've got an excellent good day, 'Lisha. I like to have a fair start myself. 'T aint

going to be too hot; the wind's working into the north a little." "Yes, sir," responded Elisha. "The great p'int about gittin' on in life

is bein' abla to cope with your head-winds."

continued the old man carnestly, pushing away his plate. "Any fool can run before a fair breeze, but I tell ye a good seaman is one that gits the best out o' his disadvantages. You won't be treated so pretty as you expect in the store, and you'll git plenty o' blows to your pride; but you keep right ahead, and if you can't run before the wind you can always beat. I ain't no hand to preach, but preachin' ain't goin' to sarve ye now. We've gone and fetched ye up the bestiwe could, your mother an' me, an' you can't never say but you've started amongst honest folks. If a vessel's built out o' sound timber an' has got good lines for sailin', why then she's sea-worthy; but if she ain't, she ain't, an' a mess o' preachin' ain't goin' to alter her over. Now, you're standin' out to sea, my boy, an' you can bear your home in mind and work your way, same's plenty of others

It was a solemn moment; the speaker's voice faltered, and little Lydia dried her tearful blue eyes with her gingham apron. Elisha hung his head, and patted the old spotted cat which came to rub herself against his trowsers-leg. The mother rose hastily and hurried into the pantry close by. She was always an appealing figure, with her thin shoulders and faded calico gowns: it was difficult to believe that she had once been the prettiest girl in that neighborhood. But her son loved her in his sober, andemonstrative way, and was full of plans for coming home rich and generous enough to make her proud and happy. He was half pleased and half annoyed because his leave-taking was of such deep concern

to the bousehold. "Come, Lyddy, don't you take on," he said, with rough kindliness. "Let's go out, and I'll show you how to feed the pig and 'tend to the chickens. You'll have to be chief clerk when I'm gone."
They went out to the yard, hand in hand.

Elisha stopped to stroke the old cat again, as she ran by his side and mewed. "I wish I was oft and done with it; this morning does seem awful long," said the

"Ain't you afraid you'll be homesick an' want to come back!" asked the little sister, timidly; but Elisha scorned so poor a "You'll have to see if grandpa has 'tend-

ed to these things, the pig an' the chick-ens," he advised her, gravely. "He for-gets'em sometimes, when I'm away, but he would be cast down if you told him so, and you just keep an eye open, Lyddy.

Mother's got enough to do inside the
house. But grandsir'll keep her in kindlin's; he likes to set and chop in the shed rainy days, an' he'll do a sight more if you'll set with him, an' let him get goin' on his old seafarin' times."

Lydia nodded discreetly.
"An'. Lyddy, don't you loiter comin' home from school, an' don't be out late, an' get 'em fussy, when it comes cold weather. And you'll tell Susie Draper,"—the boy's voice sounded unconcerned, but Lydia glanced at him quickly-"you tell Susie Draper that I was awful sorry she was over to her aunt's, so I couldn't say good-

Lydia's heart was the heart of a woman, and she comprehended. Lydia nodded "See here," said the boy suddenly, "I'm goin' to let my old woodchuck out." Lydia's face was blank with surprise.

"I thought you promised to sell him to big Jim Hooper. "I did, but I don't care for big Jim Hooper; you just tell him I let my woodchuck go. The brother and sister went to their

favorite play-ground between the ledges, not far from the small old barn. Here was a clumsy box with wire gratings, behind which an untamed little wild beast sat up and chittered at his harmless foes. "He's a whopping old fellow," said Elisha admiringly. "Big Jim Hooper sha'n't have

him!" and as he opened the trap Lydia had hardly time to perch herself high on the ledge before the woodchuck tumbled and scuttled along the short green turf, and was lost among the clumps of juniper and bayberry just beyond.
"I feel just like him," said the boy. "I

want to get up to Boston just as bad as that. See here, now!" and he flung a gallant cart-wheel of himself in the same direction, and then stood on his head and waved his legs furiously in the air. "I feel ust like that."

Lydia, who had been tearful all the morning, looked at him in vague dismay. Only a short time ago she had never been made to feel that her brother was so much older than herself. They had been constant playmates; but now he was like a grown man. and cared no longer for their old pleasures. There was all the possible difference between them that there can be between fifteen years and twelve, and Lydia was nothing but a child. "Come, come, where be yel" shouted the

old grandfather, and they both started guiltily. Elisha rubbed some dry grass out of his short-cropped hair, and the little sister came down from her ledge. At that moment the real pang of parting shot through her heart; her brother belonged irrevocably to a wider world. "Ma'am Stover has sent for ye to come

over; she wants to say good-bye to ye!" cried the grandfather, leaning on his two canes at the end of the barn. "Come, step lively, an' remember you ain't got none too much time, and the boat ain't goin' to wait a minute for nobody."

"Ma'am Stover?" repeated the boy, with a frown. He and his sister knew only too well the pasture path between the two honses. Ma'am Stover was a bed-ridden woman who had seen much trouble-a town charge in her old age. Her neighbors gave to her generously out of their own slender stores. Yet with all this poverty and dependence, she held firm sway over the customs and opinions of her acquaintances, from the uneasy bed where she lay, year in and year out, watching the far sea line beyond a pasture slope.

The young people walked fast, sometimes running a little way, light-footed, the boy going ahead, and burst into their neighbor's room out of breath. She was calm and critical, and their excitement had a sudden chill.

"So the great day's come at last, 'Lisha?" she asked; at which Elisha was conscious of unnecessary aggravation.

"I don't know's it's much of a day—to anybody but me," he added, discovering a twinkle in her black eyes that was more sympathetic than usual. "I expected to stop an' see you last night, but I had to go round and see all our folks, and when I got back 'twas late and the tide was down, an' I knew that grandsir couldn't git the boat "Well, I didn't forgit you, but I thought

p'r'aps you might forgit me, an' I'm goin' to give ye somethin'. 'Tis for your folks' sake; I want ye to tell 'em so. I don't want ye never to part with it, even if it fails in time and you git proud an' want a new one, It's been a sight o' company to me." She reached up, with a flush on her wrinkled cheeks and tears in her eyes, and

took a worn old silver watch from its nail, and handed it, with a last look at its white face and large gold hands, to the startled

"Oh. I can't take it from ye, Ma'am Stover. I'm just as much obliged to you,' he faltered. "There, go now, dear, go right along,"

said the old woman, turning quickly away. "Be a good boy for your folks' sake. If so be that I'm here when you come home, you can let me see how well you've kep' it." The boy and girl went softly out, leaving the door wide open, as Ma'am Stover liked to have it in summer weather, her windows being small and few. There were neighbors near enough to come and shut it if a heavy shower blew up. Sometimes the song sparrows and whippoorwills came hopping in about the little bare room. "I felt kind of 'shamed to carry off her watch," protested Elisha, with a radiant

face that belied his honest words. "Put it op." said proud little Lydia, trotting alongside; and he hooked the bright steel chain into his buttonhole, and looked down to see how it shone across his waistcoat. None of his friends had so fine a watch, even his grandfather's was so poor a time-keeper that it was rarely worn except as a decoration on Sundays or at a funeral. They burried home, Ma'am Stover, lying in her bed, could see the two slight figures nearly all the way on the pasture path, flitting along in their joyful

It was disappointing that the mother and grandfather had so little to say about the watch. In fact, Elisha's grandfather only said, "pore creatur" once or twice, and turned away, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand. If Ma'am Stover had chosen to give so rich a gift, to know the joy of such generosity, nobody had a right to protest. Yet nobody knew how much the poor wakeful soul would miss the only one of her meagre possessions that seemed alive and companionable in lonely hours. Somebody had said once that there were chairs that went about on wheels, made on purpose for crippled persons like Ma'am Stover; and Elisha's heart was instantly filled with delight at this remem' rance. Perhaps, before long, if he could save some money and get ahead, he would buy one of

those chairs and send it down from Boston; and a new sense of power filled his honest heart. He had dreamed a great many dreams already of what he meant to do with all his money when he came home rich and a person of consequence in sum-

mer vacations. The large leather valise was soon packed. and its owner carried it out to the roadside, and put his last winter's overcoat and a great new umbrella beside it, so as to be ready when John Sykes came with the wagon. He was more and more anxions to be gone, and felt no sense of his old identification with the home interests. His mother said sadly that he would be gone full soon enough, when he joined his grandfather in accusing Mr. Sykes of keeping them waiting forever and making him miss the boat. There were three rough, roundabout miles to be traveled to the steam-boat landing, and the Sykes horses were known to be slow. But at last the team came nodding in sight over a steep hill in the road.

Then the moment of parting had come, the moment toward which all the long, late winter and early summer had looked.
The boy was leaving his plain little home
for the great adventure of his life's fortunes. Until now he had been the charge and anxiety of his elders, and under their rule and advice. Now he was free to choose; his was the power of direction, his the responsibility; for in the world one must be ranked by his own character and ability, and doomed by his own failures. The boy lifted his burden lightly, and turned with an eager smile to say farewell.
But the old people and little Lydia were speechless with grief; they could not bear to part with the pride, and hope, and boyish strength that were all their slender joy. The worn-out old man, the anxious wom-an who had been beaten and buffeted by the waves of poverty and sorrow, the little bars and hungrily watched him go away. They feared success for him almost as much as failure. The world was before him now, with its treasures and pleasures, but with those inevitable disappointments and losses which old people know and fear. those sorrows of incapacity and lack of judgment which young hearts go out to meet without foreboding. It was a world of love and favor to which little Lydia's brother had gone; but who would know her fairy prince in that disguise of a country bank of the state of try boy's bashfulness and humble raiment from the cheap counter of a country store? The household stood rapt and silent until the farm-wagon had made its last rise on the hilly road and disappeared.

"Well, he's left us now," said the sorrow-ful, hopeful old grandfather. "I expect I've got to turn to an' be a boy again my-self. I feel to hope 'Lisha'll do as well as we covet for him. I seem to take it in, all my father felt when he let me go off to sea. He stood where I'm standin' now, an' I was just as triflin' as pore 'Lisha, and felt full as big as a man. But Lord! how I give up when it come night, an' I took it in I was gone from home!'

"There, don't ye, father," said the pale mother gently. She was, after all, the stronger of the two. "'Lisha's good an' honest-hearted. You'll feel real proud a year from now when he gits back. I'm so glad he's got his watch to carry, he did feel so grand. I expect them poor hens is sufferin'; nobody's thought on 'em this livin' moruin'. You'd better stop an' feed 'em right away, sir." She could hardly speak for sorrow and excitement, but the old man was diverted at once, and hobbled away with cheerful importance on his two canes. Then she looked round at the poor, stony little farm almost angrily. "He'd no natural turn for the sea, 'Lisha hadn't; but I might have kept him with me if the land was good for anything."

Elisha felt as if he were in a dream, now that his great adventure was begun. He answered John Sykes's questions mechanically, and his head was a little dull and dazed. Then he began to fear that the slow-plodding of the farm-horses would make him too late for the steamboat, and with sudden satisfaction pulled out the great watch to see if there was still time enough to get to the landing. He was filled with remorse because it was impossible to remember whether he had thanked Ma'am Stover for it. It seemed like a thing of life and consciousness, as he pushed it back into his tight pocket. John Sykes looked at it curiously.

"Why, that's old Ma'am Stover's timepiece, ain't it? Lend it to ye, did she?" "Gave it to me," answered Elisha, "You be careful of it," said the driver;

and Elisha nodded soberly.
"Well, good-day; be a stiddy lad," advised John Sykes, a few minutes afterscare 'em up to Boston. Pride an' ambition was the downtall o' old Cole's dog. There, sonny; the bo't ain't nowhere in sight, for all your fidgetin'!"

They both smiled broadly at the humorous warning, and, as the old wagon rattled away. Elisha stood a moment looking after it; then he went down to the wharf by winding ways, among piles of decayed timber and disused lobster-pots. A small group of travelers and spectators had already assembled, and they stared at him in a way that made him feel separated from his kind, though some of them had come to see him off. One unenlightened acquaintance inquired if Elisha were expecting friends by that morning's boat, and when he explained that he was going away himself, asked kindly whether it was to be as far as Bath. Elisha mentioned the word Boston with scorn and compasbut he did not feel like discussing his brilliant prospects now, as he had been more than ready to do the week before. Just then a deaf old woman asked for the time of day. She sat next to him on the

battered bench. "Be you goin' up to Bath, dear?" she demanded suddenly; and he said yes. "Guess I'll stick to you, then, fur's you go; 't is kind o' blind in them big places." And Elisha faintly nodded a meek but grudging assent; then, after a few moments, he boldly rose, tall umbrella in hand, and oined the talkative company of young and old men at the other side of the wharf. They proceeded to make very light of a person going to Boston to enter upon his business career, but, after all, their thoughts were those of mingled respect and envy. Most of them had seen Boston. but no one, save Elishs, was going there that day to stay for a whole year. It made him feel like a city man.

The steamer whistled loud and hoarse before she came in sight, but presently the gay flags showed close by acove the pointed spruces. Then she came in, jarring against the wharf, and the instant bustle and hurry, the strange faces of the passengers and the loud rattle of freight going on board were as confusing and exciting as if a small piece of Boston itself had been drop-

ped into that quiet cove. The people on the wharf shouted cheerful good-bys, to which the young traveler responded; then he seated himself well astern to enjoy the views, and felt as if he had made a thousand journeys. He bought a newspaper and began reading it with much pride and a beating heart. The little old woman came and sat next to him, and talked straight on whether he listened or not, until he was afraid of what the other passengers might think; but nobody looked that way, and he could not find anything in the paper that he cared to read. Alone, but unfettered and aflame with courage; to himself he was not the boy who went away. but the proud man who one day would be

coming home. "Goin' to Boston, be ye?" asked the old lady for the third time; and it was still a pleasure to say yes, when the boat swung round, and there, far away on its gray and green pasture slope, with the dark evergreens standing back, were the low gray house, the little square barn and the lines of fence that shut in his home. He strained his eyes to see if anyone were watching from the door. He had almost forgotten that they could see him still. He sprang to the boat's side; yes, his mother remembered; there was something white waving from the doorway. The whole landscape faded from his eyes except that far-away gray house; his heart leaped back with love and longing; he gazed and gazed, until a height of green forest came between and shut the picture out. Then the country boy went on alone to make his way in the wide world.

-Sarah Orne Jewett, in October Atlantic.

Human Nature. Detroit Free Press. A citizen of Cass avenue stood at his gate the other day, and offered a boy 10 cents to rake the leaves off his lawn. The lad said he hadn't time, and the citizen was about to go for a rake and take hold of the work himself, when a man came along with a big sack and asked: "Would you object to my carrying off

these leaves!" "What fort" "To bed my horse."

"H'm. Make good bedding?" "First rate." "Then you can have 'em for a quarter. Leaves have advanced 50 per cent. this

READING FOR SUNDAY.

But One Voice Answers Then. When some beloved voice that was to you Both sound and sweetness faileth suddenly, And silence against which you dare not cry Aches 'round you like a strong disease and new, What hope—what help—what music will undo That slience to your sense! Not friendship's

Nor reason's subtle count. Not melody Of viols nor of pipes that Faunus blew; Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress

To the clear moon: nor yet the spheric laws, Belf-chanted; nor the angels' sweet "All

Met in the smiles of God. Nay, none of these. Speak thou, availing Christ, and fill this pause. -Elizabeth Barrett Browning. International Sunday-School Lesson for Nov. 2, 1890.

JESUS ACCUSED. (Luke xxii, 54-71. GOLDEN TEXT-He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. (Isa. HOME READINGS. M.-Jesus accused......Luke xxii, 54-62.

Tu.—Jesus accused.......Luke xxii, 63-71. W.—John's narrative......John xviii, 12-27.

THE GROUND OF OUR FAITH.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, in Christian Union. The morning sun was creeping up the east. The golden glory of the coming day was flooding the council chamber. The priests and scribes began to fear that their victim would escape them, and that they would be unable to bring such testimony of blasphemy as would sustain conviction, even in that packed tribunal. At last the high priest ventured on a bold and audacious experiment. He put Jesus Christ himself on the witness-stand. He administered the Jewish oath, in the form in which the Jewish oath was then administered: "I adjure thee, by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou art that thou tell us whether thou art the Son of God." Jesus interposed his remonstrance: "If I tell you," he said, "you will not believe. If I question you, you will not answer. If I should prove my innocence, you would not let me go." Still the high priest persisted. "I adjure thee that thou tell us by the living God whether thou be the Messiah." Jesus might have refused to answer. He did not. "Thou shalt see," he said, "the Son of man coming in the clouds of glory to judge the world.
The relations between me and you will be reversed. You will stand before my judgment bar. I will sit upon the judgment throne." The priest again persisted in his demand. "Art thou indeed the Son of God?" Jesus answered with a clear, ringing, simple statement, " am." One may imagine the hush that fell upon the court, and the crowd outside looking in through the windows, for the moment, as the high priest rent his clothes, as the high priest was bound to do in con-viction of blasphemy and in token of his judgment, as the English judge puts the black cap on his head when he pronounces sentence of death. And the whole court, waiting not for the secret ballot required by the Jewish law, cried out: "He is guilty

of death, he is guilty of death!"
Our Christian faith, that faith which the great evangelical church of Christendom holds, in the divine character of Jesus of Nazareth, does not depend upon any interweaving of texts or Scripture or upon any doubtful deductions. In this supreme and awful moment of his life, when he stood face to face with death, under the solemn sanction of his oath, when he was under the highest obligation to sweep away misconstructions and misapprehensions, if they existed—then, in that great hour, he swore before that court and high heaven that he was the Son of God and the judge of humanity. If this he was not he would have been rightly adjudged guilty of

Lest this shall seem a forced conclusion, a picture of imagination, listen to the late Judge Greenleaf, law professor at the time of his death in Harvard Law School: "If we regard Jesus simply as a Jewish citizen, and with no higher character, his convic-tion seems substantially right in point of law, though the trial was not legal in all its forms. For, whether the accusations were founded on the first or second commands in the Decalogue, or on the law laid down in the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, or that in the eighteenth chapter and twentieth verse, he had violated them all by assuming to himself powers belonging alone to Jehovah; and, even if he were recognized as a prophet of the Lord, he was still obnoxious to punishment under the decision in the case of Moses and Aaron before cited. It is not easy to perceive on what ground his conduct could have been defended before any tribunal, unless upon that of his superhuman character. No

lawyer, it is conceived, would think of placing his defense on any other basis."

This is the ground of our faith in Jesus as the divine Son of God. In this supreme hour of his life, when the claim meant death to himself, when, if it were false, it meant falsity running through all human history and to all time, he claimed divinity under the solemn sanction of his oath and in the presence of eternity. There is no room to build a tomb to Jesus of Nazareth beside the tomb of Confucius of China, Buddha of India, Socrates of Greece. He was either less than a philosopher or more than a man. He was either the Son of God or to be acquitted of blasphemy only by being regarded as an en-thusiast. He was either deserving of con-demnation or he is entitled to the highest loyalty and allegiance that human hearts

can give him. Of General Interest.

Nov. 9-15 is appointed as the week of prayer for young men. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education in Alaska, has, as a result of a five months' trip to the Arctic ocean, established three schools among the Eskimos.

The Pittsburg Presbytery of the Re-formed Presbyterian Church had under consideration last week charges against certain ministers for having adopted a platform containing principles contrary to the discipline of the church. This platform favors the exercise of the right of voting at civil elections, and also the interchange of pulpits with other denominations. The

matter was finally referred to a committee. There will be a union undenominational assembly of Christians at work in the United States and Canada at Hartford, Conn., Nov. 6-12, 1890. It is convened under the auspices of the committee for Christian workers in the United States and Canada and is the fifth of such meetings which have been held. The subjects which are to be considered will relate to matters connected with aggressive Christian and benevolent work, more especially to plans and methods of work for reaching the classes not reached by the ordinary minis-

trations of the gospel. A dispatch from London to the New York Herald of last week, Tuesday, says: "A service of reconciliation with Almighty God for the dishonor recently done to his sanctuary by suicide took place yesterday in St. Paul's Cathedral in the presence of a large congregation. The services proceeded in the usual order until after the third collect. Then a special anthem was sung. After this, the Bishop of London, addressing the congregation from within the chancel rails, said that not a fortnight ago a man not responsible for his actions took his life in that cathedral. They knew not whether any sin of that man's contributed to the confusion of his brain which ended in his destroying himself, but they all knew that all alike were partakers in sin, and it was fitting that they should publicly acknowledge that they were all sinners, and ask God in his mercy to look favorably on all their worship, and that they might feel more deeply what was the meaning of that mysterious evil which every now and then showed itself in such deeds. The services closed with a blessing. It is said that there have been four or five suicides in the cathedral in the last forty years, but this is the first time that such a service has been

Thoughts for the Day. If ye love me, keep my commandments. 10nn, XIV, 10.

Work is God's ordinance as truly as prayer .- Geo. D. Boardman. There are saints enough if we only know how to find them.—Phillips Brooks. If the stream at which you wish to drink is muddy, go higher! The fountain is clear.

-Gail Hamilton. Religion is not something that we can take home and keep solely for our own use. Unless we get enough to have some for every body we can't keep any.—Ram's Horn.

Each day, each week, each month, each

the golden, the unspeakable gift which

each new day offers to you.-Canon Farrar. Virtue can never be attained without great pains and diligence; and if you cool and linger in this pursuit the moment that you gain not ground you lose it.—Thomas a Kempis.

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you further on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no cleared vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.-Anna Warner.

Children are God's apostles, day by day Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace. -J. R. Lowell

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Lamp-wicks brushed off daily require no Of every million people in the world 800

A farmer at Moscow, Wash., raised 111 bushels, 734 pounds of wheat on an acre of land this season. The fastest bird on the wing is the swift,

which has been known to attain a speed of two hundred miles an hour. The skeleton of the average Englishman weighs about twenty-five pounds. If cremated the ashes turn the scale at about a

quarter of a pound. A Pacific coast man brought to Astoria the other day 250 pounds of beeswax. It is reported to have come from a ship which was wrecked 100 years ago.

A farmer at Chico, Cal., has trained cats to catch gophers, and protect the grass fields by this means. He considers his felines worth \$20 apiece for this purpose. It has been calculated that it would be

possible to take from a section of the river Negro lakes, occupying about nine square leagues, upward of 2,000,000 tons of salt. A medical journal declares that a healthy man will actually suffer more from the prick of a pin than he would from the pains of dissolution in case he died a natural

The total length of the streets, avenues, boulevards, bridges, quays and thoroughfares of Paris is set down at 600 miles, of which nearly two hundred are planted with trees.

In Paris, out of the 2,700,000 residents, it toward crime. In London the proportion is one in thirty.

The German builds his railroad cars for men. He puts his cigar-holders and matchreceivers into nineteen compartments out twenty, the twentieth being nominally. not often actually, reserved for "nonsmokers.

The great railway which is to carry ships of two thousand tons from the Gulf of St. Lawrence across to the Bay of Fundy, cutting off the tedious and dangerous trip around Nova Scotia, is almost ready for a trial trip. It is now more than two thousand years

since is was first proposed to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, but the work is at last under way, directed by a Polish engineer, and promises to be completed in 1892. A novel fight was witnessed on the main street in Boscobel, Wis. A large rat ran

out from under the sidewalk, and a mink followed and overtook it in the middle of the street, where a furious fight took place. The rat was wersted. The "wild and woolly West" knows how to disport itself on all occasions. The frontier method of giving a fire alarm still pre-

vails at Crawford, Neb. Everybody on the

street fires his revolver and gives a bloodcurdling cowboy whoop. Where stealing is not regarded as a crime, it is difficult to break up the habit. For a long time the British have been trying to break up sheep stealing on the island of Cyprus, but to little effect. The people see no wrong in taking a sheep.

the commerce of the United States and England comes from Canton, China. It is taken from the heads of beggars, criminals and corpses. Last year Canton exported 80,000 pounds of human hair. Germany employs 5,500,000 women in in-

A great deal of the human hair used in

dustrial pursuits, England 4,000,000, France 3,750,000 and Austro-Hungary about the same number, and still women are the weaker sex, the lesser half, the clinging pensioners on man's beneficence. It is not generally known that ink-stains can readily be removed from the fingers with the head of a parlor match. Moisten

the ink-stained spot and rub it gently with the head of the match, keeping the skin wet so that it will not be burned. Mrs. Sally Wood, of Union City, Mich. has been blind for fifty years, and her daughter has not seen a thing for a quarter of a century. Yet these two have done the household work in faultless style for years,

and cooked victuals fit for an epicure. Near Milan, Italy, nearly 22,000 acres of land, irrigated with water derived from the sewers of the city, are yielding crops of from eight to ten tons of hay as a rule, while occasionally some separate meadows will yield the fabulous amount of eighteen

tons of hay per acre. In cutting a big cypress tree, near Astor, Fla., a living alligator seven feet long was found therein. As the opening in the tree was not half large enough for the 'gator to get through, the presumption is that it crawled in when quite young and lived on other animals and reptiles that sought refuge there.

A garden of pampas grass ten acres in extent is one of the objects of interest to tourists who visit Anaheim, Cal. This year about forty thousand plumes will be harvested, and the yield after the plants become fully established will average 100,-000 plumes. These plumes bring about five

Fred Spencer, of Middletown, N. J., placed quails' eggs under a hen recently, and has a coop full of the game. They give their foster mother "a heap of trouble, for the disposition to wander and whistle suddenly is in them, and there is evidence in their pensive look that they suspect a fraud or a mistake has been perpetrated somewhere by somebody."

On Saturday last a Steubenville (O.) parrot, belonging to Dr. Nelson, went off on an excursion, roosting on top of a west-bound Panhandle train. The bird was returned to the Doctor in good order, having been found at Gould's Station, where it likely left the train and was picked up by the parties returning it.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is found in the ancient temples of Egypt, in connection with stonework, which is krown to be at least four thousand years old. This was the only wood used in the construction of the temple, and is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another.

Of the woods that are chiefly used in fancy cabinet work ebony comes mostly from Ceylon and Madagascar, and is sold by importers at 8 cents per pound. Satin wood is grown on the island of San Domingo and in Porto Rico. It is one of the beautiful woods, and is described as a "canary yellow." In the log it sells at 75 cents per foot. Tulip wood is but little used. It is imported more for turning and inlaying than anything else. It is found in Central America, and when brought to New York sells for 8 cents per pound.

A Novel Method of Taxation. S. M. Byers, in November Harper.

Almost the first difficulty that besets a people trying to govern for themselves is the question of revenue. Where is the money to come from? Taxes, the bugbear of all nations, also puzzle the Swiss. His method of raising them in some of the cantons is alike interesting and novel. No official assessment is made of property. Blanks are distributed to every house, to be filled in by its occupants. The system is known as the "progressive" tax scale.

A, who owns \$1,000 worth of property, pays taxes on only half of it; B, who owns \$25,000 worth, pays taxes on eight-tenths of it; while C, with his \$100,000 worth of prop-

erty, pays taxes on the whole. The result is that C pays not the proportional twenty-five times the amount of A's taxes, but fifty times as much. The income-tax is managed after a similar fashion. The rich pay out of all proportion to the poorer classes. They probably would not change places with the poor, however, even to save what they decry as unjust taxation. The plan is not always a popular one. Leaving every man to assess himself has the disadvantage that the rich, with stocks and bonds, some-times do not make return of them. When a rich Swiss dies, however, the government control of his estate quickly makes amends for all his past misdeeds in the way of as-sessments, and every penny of taxes held back is now deducted, together with comyear is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new lest, a new life—this is sound interest and fines.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Meiancholy Dane. Mad Hamlet is a character That people much enjoy. Despite the fact that he is a Dyspeptic Fauntieroy.

She Was Not Guilty. New York Sun "Who wrote the Psalms?" asked the superintendent, severely.

And then a little girl in the infant class began to cry.

"It wasn't me, sir," she said. Made Him Sick.

New York Weekly. Doctor (on an ocean steamer)-Your turn has come. I see, sir. Allow me to-Sea-sick Passenger (an old bachelor)—
N-o, n-o, doctor. It—it will soon pass off.
It isn't sea—sea-sickness. I looked too
long at those—those bridal couples.

Drop Off.

Puck. Seattle, Wash.. is a trifle hilly.
"My friend," said a newcomesr, meeting a native on Thirteenth street. "can you direct me to the shortest route to First street? am in a burry." "Wall," responded the native, "jest go to the end of this block and drop off; where

you land will be First street.'

No Flies on the Professor. Texas Siftings. Fair Pupil-Professor, you must allow me to congratulate you upon your rapid acquirement of English.

Professor-Ya, my dear lady, I hav learned-vot you call in speek-I vos on no

For External Use Only.

Puck. Mrs O'Rourke-I wish yez wud give me an ordher for some medicine, your River-ence, fer little Jimmie, here. He's been all-

ing for two wakes.

Father Reilly—I think a little soap and water would do him as much good as any-Mrs. O'Rourke-Would yez give it to him before or afther his males, your Riverence!

Managing Tramps.

New York Weekly. Mistress-Did any one call while I was 18 calculated that one in eighteen, or | Servant - No one, ma'am, exceptin' a 150,000, live on charity, with a tendency | tramp. He wanted somethin' to eat; but I told him there was nothin' ready, an' he'd have to wait till th' leddy of the house got

back from the cooking-school, an' mebby she'd make him something. Mistress-Of all things! Did he wait? Servant-No, ma'am. He runned.

The Free List.

Texas Siftings. Henry C. Miner, theater proprietor, was standing in the entrance of his Fifthavenue Theater the other day, when a seedy actor approached him.
"I beg pardon, Mr. Mener," he said, "have ou a copy of the new tariff law?"

"I have," replied Mr. Miner. "Will you be kind enough to run it through and see if I am on the free list? I may want to look in at the theater to-

Ingenious, but it didn't work.

Gave Her a Good Time.

New York Weekly. Returned Daughter-Oh, ma, everybody was so kind to me w I was in the city. They took me to and parties, and Shrewd Ma-l k
told everybody, d. .. t you, that your pa had bought a cottage at Newport and we expected to entertain all our friends and relatives there next summer, that is, if

they would come? Daughter—Yes, indeed, ma; and they said, of course, they'd come. Newport is the capital of Rhode Island, isn't it? Shrewd Ma-The Newport we are going to

A Thoughtful Parent.

is in Pennsylvania.

New York Weekly. Petted Daughter-Papa, what has come over you? I never had a wish you were not pated my wants and handed me money for all softs of things I hadn't even thought of. But now I have to ask you for every cent I need, and you growl and gramble, and ask if I think you are made of money, and you rail at women's extravagance and invariably ask me what on earth I did with the last check, or dollar, or dime you gave me. Don't you love any more!

Papa-My darling. I love you as much as ever, but you are soon to be married, and I am trying to gradually prepare you for the change.

Save in black, which for many reasons is not submitted to the same rule as color, a gown made entirely of plain silk is the ex-Worth decrees that sleeves shall be the same color as the predominant tone and material of the dress; very broad at the arm-

FALL FASHIONS.

hole and very tight at the wrist. Sable is considered the most elegant fur sold, but its cost must be assigned as the reason for this, for there are few forms or faces that do not find sealskin more becom-

entirely of one plain fabric, or of woolen alone, but most daylight gowns, even those of the richest description, frequently have fine woolens intermixed with silk, or striped, or plaided material. The Princess of Wales has displayed a penchant for brown, which is likely to make the the color fashionable. This is

Only simple walking costumes are made

fortunate, as it is a most becoming color to most women, and can be charmingly blended with gold, soft pink shades and palest blue. The new antumn color is called "bark." It is a rich reddish-tan, exact, the color of the sails on the Venice lagoons with the sun seen through them. Neither brown, nor red, nor orage, but a mixture of all three; and a line, rich becoming mixture it is, quite suitable to both blondes and bru-

The straight, plain skirt, so becoming to slim figures and so trying to stout ones, is not to be worn much longer. There are signs of change; more drapery in the front may be worn by those who do not wish to emphasize every curve of their figures, and a tendency to small paniers on the hips is

The most popular tea gown just at the moment is a demi-trained princess, severely plain, with all the "art" of the dress manitest on the waist portion. There are also models copied from favorite stage dresses of Bernhardt and Terry, which show a charming melange of the neglige and the severe, careful tailor style.

Yellow toilets are now decidedly yellow rather than of primrose tints. The brilliant Marechal Neil yellow and the Spanish gold shades are especially stylish, and may be garnished with pearl passementeries. yellow silk tulle, or be a pure Spanish dress by picturesque and effective trimmings of out jet and black Spanish lace.

On some of the new autumn loose coats very large horn or mother-of-pearl, or even tortoise-shell buttons are worn. There is quite a rage for fancy buttons this season. Ladies who are so fortunate as to have preserved fine old silver or mosaic buttons are putting them on coats—one at the side of each pocket, two at the back and down the front, making just a dozen.

There are so many beautiful varieties of woolen materials manufactured, and they are such delightful wear that it is not at all surprising they have taken the lead and now form so great a part of the dress fabrics used throughout the year, in nght or heavy qualities. Time was when the "best" dresses must be of silk, even if of inferior quality, and many a woman, before the days of trim, elegant tailor gowns of wool, has shivered in a second-rate, inadequate, unbecoming, inappropriate silk dress, who might have been warm and looked her best in a cloth one, at half the cost of her Sunday best. Silk and brocade will naturally always be in demand for those who can afford a rich variety of costumes and toilets, but for those whose circumstances, surroundings and health require durability and warmth the wool dress of some description is the better choice. -New York Post.

Comfort for the Boy.

Philadelphia Press.

The "best dressed" men in Europe are having their trousers made two inches longer than the leg and then turning them up at the bottom. The rural lad who snc-ceeds to his father's unmentionables and feels sensitive in regard to the woful misfit, can now console himself with the grati-fying thought that he is a leader of fashion.